THE WESTERN LUMINARY.

"THE LAMB IS THE LIGHT THEREOF."—Rev. xxi. 23.

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FOR THE WESTERN LUMINARY.

A THOUGHT ON PRAYER.

It seems to have been common among the classic writers of antiquity, when they were about to commence any important literary work, in form to invoke the aid of the fancied *gods* of their countrymen. They had little knowledge of the One True God; but they had some remains, from tradition, of the knowledge of divine things once imparted to men—and one of these remains was, an indistinct notion that the prayers of men were acceptable on high, and might not be without their efficacy.—It was, so far as it went, a just thought.

Prayer is founded upon men's need on the one hand, and God's loving kindness and mercy upon the other. What we need, we naturally ask for, at the hands of him who hath it to impart to us: and Jehovah, so long as man would in any measure hearken to him, was wont so to manifest himself to our race, as to shew them the fitness and propriety and blessedness there was, in their continually calling upon his name for aid and comfort. And if even heathen antiquity had some remains of the knowledge of the duty, what might we expect would be the practice in periods and portions of the world, so favoured as this age, and this portion of the globe we inhabit?

We have God's Word: That Word inculcates prayer. We know that those who have been really blessed, have ever been sensible that they should *ask* for blessings.

Yet, do we, thus signally excited to the duty as we are, perform it in the way we should? Do we "pray without ceasing?" Do we even pray regularly, and with any thing like what couldbe called a *moderate frequency?*

Alas! we are unmindful of the duty and of the privilege. We enjoy the blessings of Heaven; and we often forget, the *very best of us*, the hand which bestows them. We do not thank, or at least we thank but faintly, for *past* favours; nor do we, with any thing *like* the proper fervour and sincerity, beseech the author of "every good and every perfect gift," that *for the future* he would remember us in his mercy, and bless us with his bounty.

There are, it is true, some illustrious exceptions to the general truth of these remarks. There are persons, who stand forth as praying men. But ah, how small is their number! And are they not so many condemnations to the rest of us, who will not be *warmed*, by their example, to glorify the God who smiles on them? *For smile he does* upon them; even though it were only in giving them the *spirit* of prayer—in *thus* beaming upon them the light of his countenance!

Who ever prayed in vain? Didst thou, Elijah, when first thou didst shut up the windows of heaven, so that the

earth, for years, was parched with drought; and who then didst open those windows, and pour forth upon man and beast the waters of gladness? Or thou, Psalmist of Israel—didst thou invoke thy Lord's mercy in vain; thou, whose whole life is a monument how signally thou didst forsake that Lord—and how signally, also, thou wast yet spared and forgiven and blest at his hands? And speak, Osborn, upon this subject of prayer! thou who hast, by means of it, so often brought salvation to individuals and to families! thou, whose *night's* duty upon thy knees, carefully *watched* by a *new awakening* sinner, was the rapidly-followed precursor of a most glorious revival!

We know that prayer has *been* blessed of God—*is* blessed of him—and ever will be blessed at his hand, in all time to come!

Yet we *will not pray!* For *who is it* doth pray in *reality*, and not in an empty jargon of words! *Who* that, in this way, will pour out his *soul* before God!

Ah! we know a man who, every day that passes, is warned of this duty, and yet neglects it! who, *every day*, is told, and *told of God's Spirit*, that he *must pray*, or *die*; and who yet neglects the duty! who is *continually* warned, and *warned again*, that unless he thus seeks the glorious light of Jesus' countenance, he—and perhaps his beloved wife and babes—*cannot live;* must be lost;—and who yet is deaf, yet dead, upon the subject! X. Y.

Extracts from a letter recently received by one of the Editors, from the Rev. Charles Stewart, Missionary at the Sandwich Islands, dated

"Lahaina, Island of Mani,
"Nov. 28, 1823.

"If I am not mistaken, you owe me a letter; and I am certain M. does. Still I cannot resist the inclination I feel to devote an evening to you and yours. It is far—far from being the first hour, I can assure you, that I have felt this disposition irresistibly following the "warm remembrance" of you. But at no time has the indulgence of it been so convenient as at present. A year and more has passed since my eyes last rested on my native shores—since the hour I voluntarily buried "the friends I love best" in a *living tomb;* and I now address you from that pagan land, so long, before our separation, the subject of our conversations and our prayers. During that period, I have been taught, more fully than ever before, the strength—the warmth—the tenderness of the attachment which binds you to me. Distance, and the circumstances in which I am placed, make the recollection even of a common acquaintance, dear; but the tho'ts of the few whom I loved to think and call my bosom friends, sometimes almost "breaks the nerve where agonies are born"—and were it not for the object and the hopes that brought me here, my feelings would be insupportable.

"After having been engaged six months in establishing a new Missionary Station, under the necessary privations of such a situation, you probably would ask what my thoughts of a missionary life now are? In answer, I would say that they are such, that I have been anxious, almost to an uncomfortable degree, to hear that you have devoted yourself to the glorious work. * * * * I always felt satisfied that the opinion entertained by many, that those ministers whose talents and acquirements were too inferior to secure respect and usefulness at home, are good enough for missionaries, is a great error; and what I have experienced already in the work, has made me tenfold more certain of it. Such men should be the last, rather than the first, to be sent on such important business. A missionary should have the wisdom of a philosopher, as well as the piety of a saint; and when one is to be selected, the liberally educated and accomplished scholar—the man well acquainted with the world—with its customs and

its manners, and with the various characters of men, should be chosen."

"No ambassador of Jesus Christ could desire a more extensive or more interesting field.* From Bhering's Straits to the Isthmus of Darien, there is nothing but one widely extended spiritual waste: All this must yet be reclaimed, and be converted into the vineyard of the Lord; and blessed, in my view, will be the man who is permitted first to gird himself to the work. A century hence, another American Republic may stretch itself with its millions along the Pacific coast: the planting of a colony on Columbia River may be considered a pledge for the fact—and the minister who is permitted to form its religious creed according to the precepts of eternal truth, and zealously to watch over the spiritual interests of its members, may not only be instrumental in the salvation of many of his immediate charge, but may secure to his name and memory the blessings of generations unborn."

"From the public journal of the mission, you will learn its present state, engagements, and prospects: and it is unnecessary for me to occupy any part of a single sheet with what you will find in the Herald. There are hundreds of things about which I might write, without failing to interest you; but the impossibility of touching on a hundredth part of them, may hazard an omission of all, from the difficulty of making a selection. I have the most heart-cheering confidence that M. and yourself do and ever will feel deeply concerned to know the more private and domestic history and situation of myself and family: And, to commence at this point,—I rejoice to assure you that we are most contented and happy in our lot, and feel it a privilege to be what we are, *poor missionaries*. Goodness and mercy have accompanied every dispensation to us; and we should be among the most ungrateful of beings, if thanksgiving and praises did not fill our hearts and mouths. Our accommodations are comfortable; but most simple and humble, and such as would deeply affect the hearts of many at home, who love us most tenderly. Our habitation is a straw hut, without window-glass, or floor, except the ground; and of one apartment only. Our food admits of less variety than might be supposed from some accounts I have seen of the islands. Sea-bread and salt provisions, received from America, are our chief dependance; though goats, hogs, fowls and ducks may be purchased at the market prices of Philadelphia or New-York. We have no butter—can procure little milk, and have long been without sugar. Still we feel ourselves peculiarly favoured in our establishment at Lahaina, and are more than satisfied with the many sources of enjoyment we possess. The people are as interesting as any uncivilized heathen can be. *Portraits* and anecdotes of many of the chiefs, would gratify you exceedingly. The character of our lamented and kind patroness, Keopnolani, one of the queen dowagers, you will probably see in print in America. A tract is preparing for publication, with a full account of her life, and the various reasons for entertaining hope in her death. The nation is rapidly advancing *towards* civilization, and is at a most interesting crisis. The visit of the king to Europe and America, it is hoped, will produce a happy effect on his own character, and that of his people. He is on the eve of embarkation for London, in the whale ship L'Aigle, Capt. Starbuck. The party accompanying him will give a good idea of the principal part of the chiefs: It consists of his favourite queen, *Kamehamalu; Boki*, governor of the Island of Oahu, brother of the celebrated chief Karaimoku, alias Mr. Pitt, prime minister of the late king, and *every thing* to the present; *Kinni*, his wife, a dignified

*Mouth of Columbia River.

and fine woman; Narbe-Tertni, and Okekuanaoa, two particular friends of the king; and *Mannia*, his favourite steward. Their visit will create much interest in both countries.—It is greatly to be lamented that they could not have gone under the direction of Mr. Ellis, the English missionary at these islands. The national council which was called to determine whether the king should go or not, made the attachment of Mr. E. to the king's party almost a *sine qua non*, in which the king joined: but captain Starbuck, from the first, without any assignable reason, refused absolutely to take him. Had not the king become intoxicated at this juncture, it is probable that he would have gone in one of his own vessels, under the patronage of Mr. Ellis; and his introduction in Great Britain would have been respectable, and his object in going a visit to his majesty and government would have been attained. What the end of his expedition under the control of the dissipated captain of a whale ship may be, it is impossible to tell. All that can at present be said, is, that an overruling Providence can order every apparently evil thing to promote his own glory. * * * * The females are both great favourites with us. Kuini is a most particular friend: she is the daughter of Hodpiri, the husband of the late Keopuolani. Kamehamalu is decidedly the most superior female on the islands

"*December 15th.*—An opportunity of sending letters from Oahu, is expected in a few days; and I must close this immediately in order to be ready for it. I have been very ill for the last week, and so has Betsey; both confined to our beds, and requiring much and very constant attention. Mrs. Richards has an infant ten days old, and is remarkably feeble; so that Mrs. Stewart has had to take care of three sick adults, and to nurse two infants, besides doing the cooking, washing, and all the work of the two families. She never professed to have a great deal of the missionary spirit; but daily shews that she possesses the first rate qualifications for the work. I have never seen an expression of sadness on her countenance; and she never was more animated and sprightly than at present, though so oppressed with labor and care. Her health is remarkably good.—Betsey is a very invaluable friend to us. She would write to you, but is too unwell at present. They both join me in sincerest and warmest love to yourself and M., and all our common friends. Do write often and fully to us. May God bless us all with everlasting life."

For the Western Luminary.

ON SLAVERY.—No. I.

It has been repeatedly observed, that nations have dreaded the objects of their terror, long after all cause of dread had ceased; and that before their apprehensions were appeased, some power, till then unthought of, has arisen and expelled former fear by present danger. It is needless to multiply examples: two may suffice.

Spain, though but the shadow of her former self, was long the object of defensive confederacies among the other European powers, till France arose, and nearly seized that universal monarchy which Spain once thought her own.

The object most frightful to England, for a century, was Popery; joined afterwards, for another century, with the dreaded name of the Pretender. Giant Pope—to borrow the lively allegory of John Bunyan—had grown crazed in his limbs, and could do little more than sit in his cave, grinning at pilgrims as they passed along; while the last of the unhappy race of Stuarts was perishing by hard drinking. Yet the fear of both was hardly lulled, when Atheism grasped the power of France and almost realized the worst apprehensions of her ancient rival.

Among ourselves, the power of Britain, the separation of the states, and the all-pervading influence of Congress, form, each in turn, the political bugbear of the day; while, within our very bosom, a tremendous power is rising, which outgrows our growth, and, by rapid advances, is increasing beyond our strength. I hardly need add, that I allude to our black population.

In attempting to discuss the consequences *inevitably* arising from this description of people, and the measures *absolutely* necessary to counteract them, I shall not advert to topics drawn from religion or morality. These have been brought forward by the divine and the philosopher. Let us then be content to urge the motive of temporal safety.

Some degree of attention has lately been paid to this subject; and the colonizing project has been hailed as presenting a dawn of improvement to Guinea, and of deliverance to America. Great benefits certainly will accrue to Guinea, from colonizing the coast; but the numbers likely to be sent from hence will not afford much relief to those who are doomed to the irksome task of guarding the remainder. Nor can the most lively imagination indulge a hope, that the tenth part of the offspring of our present stock may be disposed of this way. The utmost we can expect is, that a good number of free Negroes may leave the northern states. As for the slaves of the south, they are property, and so highly valued, that it is to be feared no prospect of future danger will induce their owners to part with them. The sinking fund of England contrasted with the increase of the national debt—the colonizing scheme of America opposed to the increase of the Negroes—are equally ineffectual for their respective ends. The situation of England in her finances, has long been to us a subject of pity or derision. Had we not better look at home, and see whether there exists a possibility of freeing ourselves from a burthen a thousand-fold heavier than the debt of England? The abolition of the debt would, at the worst, only change the persons of a few public men, and the fortunes of a few thousand individuals: The increase of the black race in the United States must ultimately terminate in the extirpation of their masters. Nor let this be considered as remote from us by so many generations that we may safely leave it to after ages to provide against. The evil is almost at our doors. Fifty years hence, our children will behold from six to eight millions of their mortal enemies in the southern and western states; and the close of the century may double that number. It is not likely that our Guinea Colony will in fifty years show a population of 200,000; but 'tis certain that it will not exceed half a million. What kind of relief will this afford us, with six or seven millions on our hands? The passage to the West Indies is short; and the expenses, it is said, to be defrayed by the government of Hayti. Our whole stock of Negroes, say 1,700,000, might, by a few years navigation of 100 ships, be carried over. But would the Haytians accept so many as must become their masters? And would the owners choose to part with them? Whatever becomes of the first question, the last must certainly be answered in the negative. Yet, would the owners keep this destructive property to themselves, and forbear to drive the unwilling wretches into the neighbouring states, there would yet remain a hope for us. But this seems the farthest from their thoughts. The right of extending slavery, appears dear to the owners as that of retaining slaves.

Many well meaning and respectable men recommend the dispersion of the slaves, from an idea that it may lessen their number in their native states. A little consideration may convince such persons of the fallacy of their views. The quantity of food produced

in a country, determines the number of its inhabitants. Take away one-half the people—the remaining half will, in a single generation, breed up to the amount maintainable by the produce. War, pestilence, and famine, are certain to be followed by an uncommon number of marriages. Their ravages have made space. Humiliating as it may appear, the human race exists on precisely the same terms as the brute creation. If your plantation supports a certain number of animals, and you sell one-half, you will, if your plantation continues equally productive, soon make up your number. Andalusia misses not the horses which she sent to America, although the latter country holds perhaps a hundred times the number to be found in the Spanish province. Nor will the British islands miss their original emigrants, when America shews a hundred millions of their descendants. Indeed, the reverse of this is more likely to take place. Population increases in proportion to emigration. Those Spanish provinces which send the greater part of the emigrants to America, are the best peopled. Scotland and Ireland are full, to the extent of their means of subsistence; although they have been pouring forth their swarms for centuries.—Emigration encourages marriage. He who doubts his ability to support a family, is encouraged to raise one by the consideration, that, at the worse, they can find a subsistence elsewhere. This reasoning occurs in Virginia, as well as in Britain. Hence many, deterred from matrimony by a view of difficulties, find their scruples removed; and frequently the strong attachment to their native country determines them to remain there, even when pressed by that poverty to which they would not have exposed themselves but for the hope of escaping it by emigration.—And these remarks apply to the Negroes. Remove them by thousands—those left become more valuable, and the owner of the stock redoubles his attention to make up the deficiency. You may suppose that he will find a substitute in laboring white men: But this neither suits his interests, nor their prejudices, so long as Negroes remain in the country. The vacancy is soon filled up with slaves; and you are taught by experience, that you have burthened the new states without relieving the old. Converse on this subject with a southern slave-owner: He will acknowledge that appearances are awful—"but," adds he, "you will by-and bye be in the same situation." And this consideration he seems to view as some consolation in his own desperate state.

Happily, the line of demarcation has been fixed; and the white race to the north of 37 degrees may count upon existence. From thence the slave states may look for help at a future day, and they will then gratefully acknowledge the services of those who, by their exertions in the legislature, prevented the states from being overrun by Negroes. At present, they feel very different emotions; as, blinded by habit and temporary advantage, they are unable to discern the consequences of their conduct.

Nothing is more common than to hear men express indignation at the conduct of their predecessors, while themselves, under a different appellation, are treading closely in their footsteps. In France, the political fanatic of Louis the Sixteenth's day, abominated the religious fanatic of Henry the Fourth's time: yet to an impartial observer, they appear twin brothers. Among the names hateful to republicans, those of 'patrician,' and 'noble'—so well known, the first in the early, and the last in the concluding period of the Roman republic—are perhaps the most conspicuous. I doubt whether the hideous term, 'king,' is worse: nay, am inclined to believe that many good men would rather be plagued with a single tyrant than with a regular nobility.

Yet let us inquire into the composition of society in the southern states, and we shall find it to consist of nobility and plebians. Among these last, the Negroes are not to be mentioned; for whenever they are heard of, they are plebians no longer: But the plebians in the southern states are the poor whites; nor are these to be limited to those who hold no land, and consequently possess no vote: the petty freeholder holds the prominent place among them. The striking difference—the great cause of complaint, between the patrician and plebian, was the engrossing of land by the former, and the substitution of slaves in the place of the latter. What followed hence, appears in Plutarch's Life of Gracchus.

"As Tiberius passed through Tuscany, he found the country almost depopulated—there being scarcely any husbandmen and shepherds, except those from foreign and barbarous nations."

A sight like this was enough to rouse the feelings of a Roman; but those of Tiberius are best expressed in his own words:—

"The wild beasts of Italy have their caves and dens to retire to for refuge; but the brave men that spill their blood in her cause, have nothing left except air and light. Without houses, without any settled habitations, they wander from place to place with their wives and children; and their generals are but mocking, when, on the eve of battle, they exhort their soldiers to fight for their sepulchres and domestic gods. For out of such numbers, there is not perhaps a single Roman who has an altar that belonged to his ancestors, or a sepulchre in which their ashes rest. They fight and die in order to advance the wealth and luxury of the great; and they are called masters of the world, while they have not a foot of ground in their possession."

But that patriot failed in his attempt to restore freedom to Italy: the fury of the slaveholders destroyed him—and, but that his brother imitated his attempt, and shared his fate, he had justly merited the title of 'last of the Romans.' The consequences of the practice reprobated by Gracchus, were speedily felt in Italy. That country, which in former times had supplied men in shocking profusion for the sword, became almost desolate; yet, unable to produce food for itself, was fed from Africa and Egypt. The legions were raised in Gaul; and as the influence of slavery spread more widely, soldiers were sought upon the frontier, which alone could furnish them, all the rest of the empire forming a land of tyrants and a den of slaves, who fell like grass before the mower's scythe, when assailed by the undisciplined valor of freemen.

Ancient authors are full of this subject. The decrease of the plebians and the increase of the slaves, was a continued source of lamentation. The Senate declined appointing a particular habit for the latter. "We were afraid," says Seneca, "lest they might begin to count us." Progressively with the increase of slaves, went the engrossing of land. "Extensive estates," says the elder Pliny, "have been the ruin of "Italy, and they have been equally de-"structive in the provinces. That of "Apeicu was held by six persons." It would be some satisfaction to learn, from the same author, that the reigning tyrant destroyed them, but that we find that the estates and slaves only changed masters. In vain did the law hold out encouragement to the free race;—the wealth of the slaveholder was irresistible. Indeed, what power could secure the possession of the petty landholder from the grasp of a neighbour who counted his slaves by thousands? It was impossible; and the system ceased not till foreign conquest levelled both slave and master under the more humane villainage of the Barbarians.

(To be continued.)

THE LUMINARY.

LEXINGTON:

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1824.

We begin to-day the promised series of Essays on Slavery. It is a subject of surpassing interest to the citizens of our beloved country. Calm, impartial, and judicious pieces, on this most interesting topic, we are persuaded, will be received with manly honesty by the slaveholders of this country, and be maturely weighed. Denunciations and reproach, even if deserved, can never affect such a question favourably. But—especially when we remember that this awful evil, for which we are so much condemned by Great Britain, is not only permitted in her existing colonies, but was actually entailed on us by her when we too were colonies, and had no national sovereignty to exercise on the question—we feel that we do not deserve such treatment. We are assured that the great body of American slaveholders are roused, and anxious and solemn and in earnest in this widely-rung inquiry, "*What shall we do?*" and that, as a body, they would adopt without hesitation any really practicable plan for delivering their country from the evils of slavery. With much fermented declamation, there has been little good sense given to us on this subject.—We recommend to our readers the solemn perusal of the series of Essays now begun. Tne worthy author confines himself, as will be seen, to the question of our *interest* merely; thus giving us, surely, at least inoffensive views of our present condition and prospects and duty. There is much learning and interesting matter in his pieces; and we cheerfully submit them to the public eye.

M'CHORD'S CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL.

At the last meeting of the Sunday School Teachers of the McChord's Church Sunday School, the following gentlemen were elected Directors of that institution:

Mr. Charles Alexander, Rev. Robert H. Bishop, Rev. James Blythe, D. D., Robert J. Breckinridge, esq., Mr. David Castleman, Leslie Combs, esq., Mr. H. Foster, Mr. Gibbons, Mr. James Harper, Mr. L. McCullough, Mr. A. McClure, Col. Merrill, Mr. Stephen P. Norton, Mr. George Norton, Mr. Norman Porter, Mr John C. Richardson, Mr. Thomas T. Skillman, Mr. Matthew T. Scott, Maj. John W. Tilford, Mr. Robert Todd, Rev. Mr. Ward, Dr. John R. Witherspoon, Mr. Z. Williams, Mr. C. Wilkins.

ARTICLES OF THE CONSTITUTION.

The object of this Board shall be to advance the interests of Sunday Schools in the Western Country in general; and in particular, to cherish the McChord's Sunday School.

The Board of Directors shall elect of their number, a President, a Vice-President, a Treasurer, a Secretary, and an Executive Committee of five members.

The President shall preside in the meetings of the Board and of the Socity. He shall call meetings of either, not stated in these regulations, at the request of the members; and shall, in general, superintend the School's interests.

The Vice-President shall discharge the duties of the President in his absence.

The Treasurer shall receive all moneys belonging to the Society, and pay it out at the order of the President.

The Secretary shall keep the minutes of all meetings, and receive and answer all letters addressed to the Board.

The Executive Committee shall obtain subscribers, collect moneys, and purchase books &c. at the request of the Board of Teachers, for the use of the School.

Any person paying fifty cents yearly, shall be entitled to membership in this Society. And the payment of five dollars shall constitute life-membership.

The Teachers of the Sunday School shall elect their own officers. and make their own by laws for the government of the School.

The Society shall hold its annual meeting on the first Thursday of November; at which a report of the year's proceedings shall be read; and such services, of a religious kind, performed, as may be agreed on. At this meeting, and at another six months remote from it, in each year, the School shall be assembled, and examined by the Board of Directors, or their Committee.

It shall be the duty of the Board to exert its influence in establishing this blessed institution as widely as possible through our country—it being understood that its operations are as an auxiliary to the American Sunday School Union.

The meetings of the Board shall be opened with prayer.

The pastor of the church to which any School under the care of this Board shall be attached, together with the superintendents of the School, shall always be considered ex officio members of the Board.

Six members shall be considered a quorum to transact business.

No alteration shall be made in this Constitution, without on the vote of a majority of the Board.

The Board shall meet quarterly, commencing on the last Saturday of October, at 3 o'clock; and so on.

The Board shall fill up its own vacancies.

From the Kentucky Gazette, Sept. 16.

It is with much regret that we announce to the public the resignation of Rev. Robert H. Bishop, of his professorship in Transylvania University. He has been for perhaps 20 years, the steady friend and instructor of this institution—and throughout that period, the most permanent, and to say the least, one of the most useful of all its officers. The loss of such a man is no common calamity. He was one of the pillars of the University, and one of the patriarchs of the Church of Christ in this vicinity. The friends of religious truth and letters, however, will be gratified to learn, that though removed from us, he is not lost to his fellow-men, but is about to extend the field of his usefulness by this separation. We are informed that he has accepted the offer of the Presidential chair of the *Miami University*, near Cincinnati, Ohio. The institution, though in its infancy, is largely endowed. It is in a fertile, healthy, and, though retired, populous section of Ohio; and promises to exert a commanding influence over the western country.

The Faculty will have been organized and the College in operation, at Oxford, its seat, by the 2d of Nov.

The abundance of all sorts of provisions will afford, it is said, excellent accommodations at a very cheap rate.

We are not acquainted with the details, as yet; but have no doubt, that that institution, under such auspices, will be made a rich and diffusive blessing—a fountain of good, to the western country.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

The prejudices which many have against the benevolent operations of the present day, usually arise from ignorance of their effects. I have seldom known a candid man to dislike

them after seeing their tendency. A few years since, I knew a man strongly prejudiced against most of our benevolent societies. He was respected, and was usually agreeable and polite. But when an Education Society, or a Sabbath School, was mentioned, he made no scruples in manifesting his antipathy. It so happened, that one summer a student from college, a charity scholar, established a Sabbath School in the neighbourhood of this gentleman. As he was winning in his manners, he soon collected all the children in the vicinity, except the only child of this man, who for some weeks refused to permit his little daughter, a lovely child of 8 years old, to attend the school. But as all her playmates attended, and were delighted with the privilege, and as no bad consequences were seen to result from their instructions, what by entreaties, and what by a kind request from her mother, it so happened, that on the fifth Sabbath after the school was opened, little Clarissa —— was at school, with her blithe rosy countenance, happy among her happy companions. She continued to attend regularly through the summer, and to improve very rapidly. The teacher of the school encouraged his little pupils to make any inquiries about the texts of Scripture which they could not understand. It was at the close of a pleasant Sabbath in August, when the father called the child to him, and addressed her very mildly—"Clarissa, my love, are you not tired of going to that Sunday School? I don't think you learn any thing—I mean, nothing that you understand." "O yes, father, I do; a great many things! for to-day I asked my teacher about that beautiful text, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days;' and what, father, do you think it means?" "Why, child, it must mean that we ought to be charitable to the poor." "Yes, father; but do you know why it is like casting bread on the waters?" "No, my love." "Well, my teacher explained it to me. He said, that in the Eastern country, rice and all kinds of grain are called *bread*, even before they are cooked. He said, that every year the river Nile, and so of some other Eastern rivers, rose up high, and had its waters overflow its banks, and all the country round. While the waters were thus covering the country, the people went out in their little boats, and scattered their rice (or bread) on the waters. This was sowing it. It sunk down in the mud; the waters covered it; yet the people knew it was not lost, for in due time the waters went off, and then the rice sprung up, and they usually had great crops. This is casting bread on the waters; and true charity is just like it. Isn't it a beautiful verse, father?" "Yes." "And don't I learn and understand what my teacher tells me?" "You may go and tell it to your mother, my dear."

Towards the close of the summer, the teacher was taken sick, and was obliged to leave his Sabbath School and College. As he was indigent, the ladies of the neighbourhood kindly made him up a small purse, to bear his expenses. One evening little Clarissa came to her father with a very earnest look, and says, "Father, will you please to give me a ninepence?" "What will you do with it, my dear?" "O, I want it very much, and will not waste it, father." "But what do you want it for?" "I wish, father, you would please to give it to me without asking: I *do* want it very much." "I can't give my daughter money, unless she tells me to what use she is to apply it." "Well, father, I fear you will not give it to me; but I will tell you. You know that Mr. ——, my school teacher, is sick, and must go away. O, he has been so kind to me. He is going away, and I am afraid I shall never see him again: I wanted to give him the ninepence! You remember how he explained to me that beautiful text, 'Cast thy bread upon the

waters.'" The little girl sobbed, and a tear stood in the eye of the father. He put a bank note in the hand of his child for her sick teacher, and turned aside and wept. He thought how he had been taught a lesson of charity by his little child; how he had opposed the very school where she had been thus instructed; and how he had ever been supremely selfish and sinful.—From that hour he became awakened, and was in great anxiety of mind for some time. He then found peace in believing. He is now a firm friend of Education Societies and Sabbath Schools; and never thinks of either, without thinking of the teacher whom he opposed, of his daughter's improvement, and of his own hopes of immortality.

Christian Almanac for 1825.

THE GOOD MAN'S FIRMNESS.

Two instances of Col. Davenport's firmness deserve to be mentioned.—The 19th of May, 1790, was a remarkably dark day; candles were lighted in many houses, the birds were silent and disappeared, and the fowls retired to rest; the legislature of Connecticut was then in session at Hartford; a very general opinion prevailed that the day of judgment was at hand; the house of representatives, being unable to transact their business, adjourned: a proposal to adjourn the council was under consideration; when the opinion of Col. Davenport was asked, he answered, "I am against the adjournment: the day of judgment is either approaching, or it is not; if it is not, there is no cause for adjournment; if it is, I choose to be found doing my duty. I wish therefore, that candles may be bro't." The other instance took place at Danbury, at the court of common pleas, of which he was chief justice. This venerable man, after he was struck with death, heard a considerable part of a trial, gave the charge to the jury, and took notice of an article in the testimony which had escaped the attention of the counsel on both sides. He then retired from the bench, and was soon after found dead in his bed.

Dwight's Travels.

From the New York Mirror.

DISSIPATION.

The clock struck eleven. The anxious, terrified, lonely mother, shuddered at the sound, and with an unconscious energy pressed the poor babe to her heart, while the large tear, not without cause, fell unbidden from her swollen, sunken eye, and rested on the cheek of the slumbering innocent.—Where then was he who had sworn to protect her; and, by a vow registered in Heaven, had promised unalterable affection for her? He was an instance, I could wish without a parallel; for *dissipation* had bound him in her chains—and in the thraldom of vice he could forget that he had a bosom companion sighing in his absence for his return, and in his presence overpowered by the conflicting emotions occasioned by the recollections of former times, when *he* was virtue's friend, and *she* was the darling partner of his happiness.

Can man so far forget the dignity of his nature, as to give up the government of reason bestowed upon him by God, and submit to be led by degrading passions, participated by brutes? Well may it be said that the hand which can write it, unless its possessor be void of sensibility, must feel the blood curdle in its veins; and the tongue that can tell it to the world, must stiffen in the act.

Let us conclude our sad tale. The unfortunate man returned, something inebriated, at a late hour, and found his wife senseless on the floor. The shock restored him to himself; though some half-lost, half-recollected images flitted through his bewildered brain. She was declared to be in a raging fever; medical assistance was in vain, for the disease was one which baffles all skill, and in the short space of a fort-

night she died *broken-hearted.* No murmur escaped her lips against the author of her misery, the destroyer of her happiness, the cause of her untimely death. Then it was that he fully awoke from his dream; then it was that every unkind word, every ungrateful look, thronged back upon him and harrowed up his soul; then it was that he uttered the unheard groan, and poured the bitter tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Is there one now who is just beginning the career of vice and folly, unaware of the misery he is bringing upon himself and all connected with him—let him read this, and pause; for it is only on the immutable basis of virtue that we can found our actions, if we wish them to yield pleasure to ourselves, to be pleasing in the sight of our fellow-men, or acceptable to our Creator. ALPHA.

Extraordinary Operation.—Dr. Fayerman, of Norwich, on the 9th June, performed successfully a singular and dangerous operation on the child of Mr. Moore, a respectable grocer, of Ber street, by an incision into the cavity of the chest, from whence he extracted one pound eleven ounces of highly purulent matter. The patient had previously suffered from a prolonged distemper, the result of typhus fever, and subsequent inflammation of the lungs. The child, we are given to understand by Mr. Moore, (at whose request this is inserted,) is rapidly recovering its original state of health.—*London paper.*

From the New York Spectator, Aug. 28.

LA FAYETTE.

We continue this evening our record of the honours paid to the 'Nation's Guest.' New tributes of respect and gratitude seem to await him at every place he visits. Grave philosophers and academicians, soldiers, statesmen and poets, the old and the young of all parties without distinction, are only emulous who shall be foremost in offering him their cordial congratulations. He receives them all with the kindness which has marked his character thro' life, and the dignified courtesy which becomes the companion and the friend of Washington.

From the Boston Courier.—The most beautiful part of the spectacle was exhibited on the Common. The pupils of the public schools, both male and female, were arranged on the side adjoining the Mall, in two lines, reaching from Boylston street to the head of the Mall, under the care of their respective teachers, and protected from the press of spectators by the peace officers, appointed for the purpose. Between these beautiful lines the whole military and civil procession passed. When Gen. La Fayette entered the passage, an interesting little girl, of five or six years old, stepped forward, and being placed in his barouche, presented him a wreath, and made a brief address in the French language. The General accepted the present, placed it on his arm, and kissed the child in rapture.

LINES

Presented (entwined in a wreath of flowers,) to Gen. La Fayette, on his arrival on the common, by a little girl.

An infant hand presents these blushing flowers,
Glowing and pure as childhood's artless hours,
When roses bloom and buds of promise smile,
Repaying with their charms the culturer's toil.

Oh! take them, FATHER,—they were cull'd *for you!*
(Still bright with warm *affection's* sacred dew;)
Oh! let them *live* in thy benignant smile,
And o'er thy *brow of glory* bloom awhile,
'Twined with the *laurel* fame on thee bestow'd,

When thy *young heart* with patriot ardour glow'd.

Self-exil'd from the charms of wealth and love,
And home and friends, thou didst our *champion* prove,
And, by the side of glorious WASHINGTON,
Didst make our grateful country *all thine own.*

Go, fragile offering, speak the ardent joy
Our bosoms feel, which time can ne'er destroy!

From the Christian Advocate.

EUROPE.

Nothing novel in the general aspect of this portion of the globe has occurred, so far as we know, to vary the view which we presented in our last No.

Great Britain.—The British Parliament adjourned on the 25th of June to the 24th of August. Since the adjournment, there has been a perfect dearth of news from Britain. Except what relates to sending an army to Portugal, and to the war with the Burmanese, we have noted nothing of national concern that is worth reciting.

France.—Nothing of public interest has reached us from France during the last month. The kingdom appears tranquil. The health of the monarch is such as seems to presage his speedy dissolution; but he continues to attend, with some interruptions, to state affairs. The French are rapidly diminishing their national debt by the operation of a sinking fund. It seems to be believed that it is at the instance of France that Spain so pertinaciously refuses to listen to anything on the subject of the independence of her late American colonies.

Spain.—The political state of Spain remains *in statu quo.* The prisons are filled with constitutionalists; thousands of the best part of the population are trying to get out of the kingdom; efforts are made to increase the army by impressments; the infatuated monarch and his ministers are still bent on reducing to submission the South American colonies; and it is said there is to be a congress of the European powers at Madrid, to deliberate on the actual state of Spain.

Portugal.—English influence would seem, for the present, to be dominant at the court of Lisbon. It appears that the king of Portugal is willing and desirous to have the aid of a British military force, to keep his own subjects in subjection—much in the same manner as the Spaniards are now controlled by the French. Will Britain consent to this, after refusing to take any part in the Spanish business? We perceive that the subject exercises the ingenuity of the newspaper paragraphists of London. We shall see how it will terminate.

The Holy Alliance.—The monarchs who are concerned in the confederacy thus denominated—those of France, Austria, Russia, and Prussia; for Spain and Portugal are at present nothing—are apparently very busy about something. Couriers are rapidly passing from one court to another; and frequent conferences are held by their plenipotentiaries, which seem to be conducted with much earnestness. The affairs of Greece, of Spain, of Portugal, and of South America, form, we suppose, the subject of these errands and deliberations. It also appears that the prevalence of opinions in favour of free government in Germany and Prussia, and especially in the universities of these great states, is the cause of a good deal of royal disquietude. Rigorous measures have already been adopted in regard to the universities; and the monarchs will doubtless do as much as they dare, to put down the spirit of freedom in their own dominions, and throughout the world. They may succeed for a time; but ultimately the powers of intellect and the claims of human nature will, in spite of all resistance, be triumphant.

Greece.—We think it may be relied on that the Greeks have defeated the Turkish army at the Straits of Ther-

mopylæ. Yet the last accounts by the way of Austria, where the Greek cause is not favoured, represent the Turks as having lately obtained some important advantages. It is also said that the English officers generally, for some unknown cause, have quitted the Grecian armies since the death of Lord Byron. On the whole, however, we have little doubt that the events of the present campaign hitherto, have been decisively in favour of the ultimate success of the Grecian cause.

AFRICA.

The last accounts from Monserrado represent the American colony of *Liberia* as in a very prosperous state. This will be joyful news to the friends of "The African Colonization Society," in this country. We do hope that the agency and operations of that society are to be instrumental, under the smiles of Providence, in spreading the blessings of civilization and Christianity throughout the whole African continent. The society appears to be rapidly attracting public attention, and acquiring public patronage.

Recent accounts confirm those formerly received, that the victory of the *Ashantees* over the British was complete. The victors, it also appears, were pursuing the vanquished, far beyond what was expected. There is, however, we believe, no reason to apprehend that they will extend their march so far as to disturb the British settlement at Sierra Leone, or ours at Cape Monserrado. No attack has as yet been made by the British on Algiers.

AMERICA. *United States.*—We regret to state that the yellow fever has made its appearance at New Orleans, and at Charleston, S. C.

FROM LATE ENGLISH PAPERS.

From Africa.—Intelligence has been received from Sierra Leone of the 17th of April, and from Cape Coast Castle of the 9th of May, which is far from being of a satisfactory nature. It appears, that since the disastrous defeat of Sir Charles Macarthy, the British forces have been so closely pressed by the Ashantees, that Capt. Blencharne, who commanded the troops at Cape Coast, had found it necessary to retire behind the Boosampra river.

Death of the King of the Sandwich Islands.—The Sun of the 14th of July, says: "We regret to state, that we have to announce another death, and that in no less a personage than his majesty the King of the Sandwich Islands, who, it appears, since the lamentable loss he sustained only a few days since by the decease of his royal consort Queen Tamehamalu, had, for the benefit of his health, which was in a very delicate state, removed from Osborn's Hotel, in the Adelphi, to the Caledonian, on the Adelphi Terrace; where every attention that his rank in life required, was aided by the assistance of the most eminent of the faculty; but all their endeavours proved unavailing, and his majesty breathed his last at 4 o'clock this morning. Poki, the Governor, and the rest of the suite, were supporting their royal master's legs at the foot of the bed. At 2 o'clock he became alarmingly worse, and he seemed then not to know any person: the Admiral was brought into the room, and was affected to tears. The King took no notice of him, nor any other person about him. From that time till 4 o'clock, he kept continually saying, "I shall lose my tongue;" and just before he breathed his last, his majesty faintly said, "Farewell to you all!—I am dead! I am happy!" After uttering these words, he expired in the arms of Madame Poki. Previous to his death he requested that his remains, together with those of his wife, should be removed to his native island."

Calcutta Government Gazettes to the 11th of March, had been received in London, which furnish some particulars of the commencement of the war with the Burmese. It appears from the

details given in the Calcutta papers, that the Burmese came down in great numbers, and attempted to secure possession of the country by erecting stockades to cover their positions, skilfully selecting the strongest and most advantageous grounds to plant their fortifications. They were, however, driven from several of their positions by the force under Lt. Col. Brown. In a subsequent attack, however, the British were not so successful, and lost several officers and 150 Sepoys killed and wounded. The Burmese lost 500 men, and in a few days the remainder voluntarily evacuated the stockades which they had so gallantly defended. The British had by that time received reinforcements, and moved forward in pursuit.

Emigrants to Hayti.—The beautiful new brig De Witt Clinton, Capt. Barstow, 300 tons burthen, belonging to William Porter, of New York, sailed yesterday for Port-au-Prince, with one hundred and twenty free coloured men and women, who are emigrating to Hayti with a view to bettering their condition.—[*Philadelphia Nat. Gaz.*

From the "Poetic Vigils" of Bernard Barston, (a member of the Society of Friends, in England.)

HOME.

WHERE burns the lov'd hearth brightest,
Cheering the social breast?
Where beats the fond heart lightest,
Its humble hopes possest?
Where is the smile of sadness,
Of meek-eyed Patience born,
Worth more than those of gladness
Which Mirth's bright cheek adorn?—
Pleasure is mark'd by fleetness,
To those who ever roam;
While grief itself has sweetness
At home! dear home!

There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief:
There eyes in all their splendour,
Are vocal to the heart,
And glances gay or tender,
Fresh eloquence impart:
Then, dost thou sigh for pleasure?
O! do not widely roam;
But seek that hidden treasure
At home! dear home!

Does pure religion charm thee
Far more than aught below!
Wouldst thou that she should arm thee
Against the hour of wo?
Think not she dwelleth only
In temples built for prayer;
For home itself is lonely
Unless her smiles be there.
The devotee may falter,
The bigot blindly roam,
If worshipless her altar
At home! dear home!

Love over it presideth
With meek and watchful awe,
Its daily service guideth,
And shows its perfect law:
If there thy faith shall fail thee,
If there no shrine be found,
What can thy prayers avail thee
With kneeling crowds around?
Go! leave thy gift unoffer'd,
Beneath Religion's dome,
And be her first-fruits proffer'd
At home! dear home!

From the Christian Disciple, London, April, 1824.

THE ORPHAN BEGGAR: *A true story.*

A LITTLE boy, an orphan, too,
Whose finger ends with cold were blue,
With pearly drops in either eye,
Ready to start when pity 's nigh,
With timid steps approach'd a door,
(Some scanty pittance to implore,)
Whose brazen knocker smooth and bright,
Mock'd all the efforts of the wight;
His little hands its place supply'd,
And open flew the portal wide.—
A clergyman of modern date,
Less fam'd for kindness than estate,
Now ey'd the boy from top to toe;
And, listening to his tale of wo,
Said, Take this crust, 'tis mouldy too,
But, still, 'tis good enough for you!—
The boy receiv'd it with good grace,
And turn'd about to quit the place.
Stop, said the priest; an orphan boy
Should not pursue such bad employ.
Answer me this, pray can you read?
Ah! no sir; 'tis a truth indeed.

Not read! why then you cannot pray!
I'll teach you; after me thus say:
Our Father who in Heaven art.
("Our Father" touch'd his little heart.)
Is he your father, then, and mine?
Yes, said the reverend divine:
God is the Father of us all—
Of rich and poor, ofgreat and small.
With feelings undisguis'd, the boy
Summ'd up the whole in this reply:
We're brothers—let it not be said
You ever gave me mouldy bread.

THE WESTERN LUMINARY.

Agents.—We venture to name the following individuals as agents for the Western Luminary, and request that they will use their endeavours to procure subscribers, and receive payments, for the same.

Fayette County.—James Rell, Doct. J. Todd, Rev. Geo. Boon, Dr. Jno. R. Witherspoon, Rev. Robt. Marshall, N. Ferguson, John Shaw.

Bourbon.—Isaac Webb Thomas P. Smith, Ephraim Harriott, John Curry, Rev. Andrew Todd, Jonas Markey.

Clarke.—J. D. Thomas, Walter Preston, Silas W. Robins, Esq. James Stonestreet, Rev. Mr. Morton.

Montgomery.—Rev. J. P. Howe.

Bath.—Thomas Hill, James McIlhenny.

Woodford.—Samuel Campbell, Samuel M. Wallace, Abraham Dale, J. R. M'Farland.

Franklin.—Thomas Paxton, J. J. Miles, Rev. Eli Smith, D. C. Humphreys.

Mercer.—Rev. Thomas Cleland, D.D., W. Nourse, jun. Robert C. Harrison, Wm. Nourse, sen. David Caldwell, M. G. Youce, Samuel Maccoun, Rev. S. K. Nelson, Dan'l. Barbee.

Perryville.—Wm. E. Crawford.

Lincoln.—Nathaniel S. Morton.

Greene.—Gen. Allen, Rev. J. Howe, Rev. John Chandler, Rev. Isaac Hodgins, John Tate.

Adair.—Rev. S. B. Robertson, Rev. Jeremiah Abell, Maj. Benjamin Workman.

Garrard.—Rev. J. C. Barnes, Alexander Reed, Charles Spilman.

Henderson.—N. C. Horsley, E. H. Hopkins.

Christian.—James H. Rice.

Mason.—Rev. J. T. Edgar, John Boyd. Dr. John Drake.

Jessamine.—Saml. Rice, Wm. H. Rainey.

Henry.—James Dodd.

Nicholas.—Jonathan Smith.

Caldwell.—Rev. Robert Lapsley.

Shelby.—Rev. A. Cameron, Rev. Andrew Shannon, Rev. Henry L. Rice.

Jefferson.—Wm. Vernon, Rev. Samuel K. Snead, Rev. Dr. Blackburn.

Madison.—Archibald Curl, Dr. Alexander Miller.

Gallatin.—W. O. Butler.

Washington.—Joseph Maxwell, Andrew Cunningham, Geo. M. Wilson.

Logan.—Rev. Daniel Comfort, Presley Edwards, Esq. William I. Morton.

Fleming.—Rev. James K. Burch, A. E. Ballard.

Todd.—Rev. Wm: K. Stewart.

Harrison.—Rev. J. R. Moreland.

Scott.—Samuel Glass, Samuel Finley.

Great Crossings.—M. D. Averill.

Owenton.—James Vanallen, esq.

Nelson.—Rev. William Scott, Jonathan Simpson

Warren.—Rev. D. H. Phillips.

Glasgow.—Robert Ferguson.

Dayton, Ohio.—Rev. Wm. Graham.

Cincinnati.—Rev. James Kemper, Rev. Erastus Root, Jno. F. Keys.

Lebanon.—Jacob D. Lowe.

Natchez.—Rev. George Potts.

Charlestown, Indiana.—Rev; Jno. Todd, Thomas Todd, esq.

Abingdon, Va.—Rev. Stephen Bovell.

Livonia, Indiana.—Rev. W. W. Martin.

Smockville.—Samuel Smock.

St. Louis, Missouri.—Dr. W. M. Green.

Nashville, Ten.—Rev. Mr. Campbell.

Gallatin, T.—Joseph Robb.

Campden, S. C.—Rev. S. S. Davies.

Darien, Georgia.—Rev. Jno. Joice.

Chilicothe.—The Hon. Mr. Thompson.

Robstown, Pa.—Hon. Mr. Plumber.

Huntsville, Ala.—Jno. W. Tilford, Esq. Rev. Mr. Allen.

Shawnoetown.—Rev. Charles Phillips.

Madison, Ia.—D. M'Clure.

Detroit.—Rev. Joshua Moore.

Pittsburgh.—Rev. Mr. Swift

Shelbyville, Ten.—Rev. Alexr. Newton.

Columbia, Ten.—Dr. James W. Frierson

Winchester, Ten.—William Estil.

Bloomville, Mo.—Josiah Dickson.

Grand Praire, Mo.—James Tate.

Trenton, N. J.—Rev. Robert Gibson.

Vincennes, Ia.—Rev. Samuel T. Scott.

New-Lexington, Ia.—Francis Hinds.

New-York.—Rev. M. Bruen.